Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Vol. III. NOVEMBER, 1899. No. 11.

Street Market, Mexico City.

510 Tremont Temple
Boston

"Topics of the Year."

The Outlook.	JANUARY.
Alaska.	FEBRUARY.
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Indians.	JULY.
Our Literature.	AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.
Mormons.	OCTOBER.
Mexico.	NOVEMBER.
Chinese.	DECEMBER.

HOME MISSION ECHOES.

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the general editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People."

Note the remarkably low terms: Subscription price per year, twenty-five cents. Five copies and upwards to one address yearly twenty cents each.

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NOVEMBER, 1899

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever." — *Tennyson.*

Vol. III. NOVEMBER, 1899. No. 11.

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Editorial.

THE remarkable man, now President of the Mexican Republic, Porfirio Diaz, was born in the State of Oaxaca in 1830. Having known Benito Juarez in his young manhood, he became greatly attached to the great reformer. In 1854 he openly resisted Santa Anna's despotic measures. His valor in the succeeding years won him the highest position in the army, and, in 1876, he was elected to the presidency. In 1880 he relinquished the office to Gen. Gonzales, and for a short time served as minister of public works. In 1883 he made an extended tour through the United States. In 1884 he was again elected President, and, in 1888, so rapid had been the advancement of the country under his rule that the amendment to the Constitution, advanced by Diaz himself, in 1878, against reëlection was changed, in order to keep this wonderful man at its head. During his administration all forms of worship have been protected. At several funerals in the Methodist Episcopal church, President Diaz has been present with members of his Cabinet. Mrs. Diaz is a very lovely woman, and is very popular among the poor.

While our hearts go out in love and pity for the millions in Mexico, who know nothing of the pure gospel, it is well for us to look at the evidence of her wonderful progress since 1857.

"1. They have firmly established a free constitution, embodying those essential guarantees of liberty, which we Anglo-Saxons regard as fundamental, including an entire divorce of church and State.

2. They have secularized the vast and ill-gotten estates of the church, from the revenues of which it was always able to pay a mercenary soldiery in the interest of despotism, and by which it virtually controlled the country and kept it deluged in blood.

3. They have placed on an enduring basis the rights of free speech, a free press, speedy public trials, and, above all, liberty of conscience in religious worship, and are establishing universal suffrage, and trial by jury.

4. They have in operation, and are steadily extending, a system of primary schools, which could never have been done while the priestly tyranny continued.

5. From small beginnings, in 1846–47, the sacred scriptures have been finding their way to Mexican homes, till their circulation has become openly and remarkably rapid."

WE hope the Baptist women and girls of New England will not forget the request, made in the October ECHOES, regarding the Thanksgiving offering for the month of November. Think of the work laid upon us by the Lord. He has given us ability, some money, education, and health. Our sisters in Cuba, Porto Rico, and Mexico, in their spiritual and physical destitution appeal to our sympathies.

Why have we had so much put into our lives, while thousands utter the despairing cry of the Indian Chief, "My people have never had a chance?" Why? Because the Christ, our leader, wants us to begin aggressive missionary work, if we would win our loved land for Himself. There are thousands of Baptist women in New England who never give a penny for Home Missions. We ask our auxiliaries to begin a systematic and vigorous campaign for stirring up the uninterested in November. Get hold of each woman in the church, and secure an offering. If possible, secure genuine interest also, which will abide.

Rev. H. P. Beach truly says: "There are sentiments in the Missionary situation which demand thanksgiving." Let us have it in November, and, as we praise, let us open our hands, and give freely of our means.

Remember, we want the customary offering to our Treasury, *two cents* per week—this November gift is to be a *special thank offering*.

A TEACHER in a Bible training school in the United States has lately said: "There are self-centered lives on this side of the ocean in just as great need of self-sacrifice as there are heathen on the other side in need of the gospel, and we might add that one is in just as great a danger of being lost as the other." The Christ spirit and mind that directs the thought and life in work for others is as important in America as in India or Africa.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

WILL all the subscribers of ECHOES send payment for the same promptly? Quite a number are now in arrears.

Our New Missionary, Mrs. Duggan.

ON Tuesday, Sept. 26th, the members of the Board of Directors met by appointment our new missionary for Porto Rico, Mrs. Janie Pritchard Duggan. Mrs. Duggan is known to many as the author of the "Mexican Ranch," and "Senora's Daughter." We were greatly pleased with the spirit of our new worker. Mrs. Duggan sailed Oct. 6th for her new field of labor.

Mrs. Duggan is well connected at the South. Her grandfather, Rev. James B. Taylor, long identified with Richmond, Va., has several sons, ministers—one of them missionary at Rome, Italy, and another, President of the College at Wake Forest, N. C., in which college Mrs. Duggan's husband was professor at the time of his death.

Her maternal great-grandfather was Rev. Elisha Scott Williams, among Baptist pioneers in Massachusetts, an early minister in Beverly. Very lately mention has been made of him in the "History of the Town of Rockport, Cape Ann," as baptizing, at "Back Beach," the first person baptized by immersion at "Sandy Bay" (now Rockport), 1805, when settled at Beverly. It was the same early preacher (Elder Williams, trained as a lawyer), who previously had crossed the Delaware, in the same boat with Washington, while serving as his aide-de-camp.

THE Alaska Calendar is now for sale, price ten cents, and one cent for postage. It has on its face a picture of the Orphanage, which shows some of the improvements made in the last years, also an appropriate legend for the year. On the back of it is a picture of the United States revenue cutter *Bear*.

Whenever this ship drops anchor in northern Alaska, all the sick that can be moved are gathered up from the village and neighborhood, and brought on board to see the doctor. It thus becomes a travelling hospital and dispensary, and is the only visit of a physician that some of the natives secure during the year.

Send orders for the Calendar to Mrs. James McWhinnie, 510 Tremont Temple. Do not fail to send money for postage.

Remember in purchasing the calendar you are helping the Alaska Mission *which sorely needs help*. Last year we realized one hundred dollars from the sale of the same. Help us to secure a larger profit this year.

WE shall ask the "Christian Endeavor" and "Farther Lights" societies, of New England, to assume the salary of Mrs. Duggan.

OWING to a pressure of meetings during the last two months, we are unable to give to our readers an account of the delightful visit made last winter to our mission stations in New Mexico and Mexico. We hope soon to give our impressions of these wonderful countries.

Echo Mission, New Mexico.

ECHO MISSION was started first at Rinconada, during December, 1894.

School seats and supplies were furnished by the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society. Preaching was begun the first Sabbath the missionaries were on the field, to a ragged, ignorant Mexican audience, and was continued all the year. Soon a Sunday school was organized. Toward spring a day school was opened, with thirty pupils, and was continued for six weeks.

The missionaries lived in a one-room, rude, adobe house 15 x 25 ft. and 7 ft. high. The schoolroom was 11 x 25 ft. and 7 ft. high. Both rooms had mud floors.

The following year forty-five pupils were enrolled, all but five of whom were Mexicans, the other five being Americans. A primary room was built and board floor put in the other schoolroom, and out-buildings erected, all at the expense of the Woman's Society. In September, of 1896, the mission was removed to its present site, where many more people can be reached than at the former station.

Since coming here to Velarde, the day school has had an enrollment of from seventy-one to ninety pupils, nearly all Mexicans, but with a few Navajo Indians, of all ages from five to twenty-nine years.

During all this time regular Sabbath services and Sunday school, and, most of the time, a mid-week gospel song service have been maintained.

The mission at Velarde has been held in rented adobe buildings for two years, in property owned by an American woman, and last year the living rooms, which are the missionaries present quarters, and likewise the schoolrooms, from Mexicans. The coming year the living rooms and schoolrooms, one of which serves as chapel, are all provided in one compound. Much annoyance, with much extra labor and expense to the missionaries, has been caused by being obliged to rent poorly lighted and ventilated buildings, instead of being provided by the Society with buildings of their own, and entirely under the control of the Society.

Notwithstanding all these obstacles, the work has pushed on, and increased in power and influence with the Mexican people within a large and widening radius of the mission. The promise for the coming year is brighter than ever before, and even with the three teachers provided by the two societies for the coming year, the rooms are almost sure to be overcrowded.

Echo Mission derived its name from the fact that when standing directly in front of the mission buildings, and singing or calling aloud, the sound is reëchoed from the foothills in a very pleasing manner.

Immigration Still on the Increase.

DURING the last two months immigration has increased so rapidly that if it is kept up for the remainder of the year the total will reach 600,000. This would break all records for the last ten years. The total for the fiscal year recently ended is only 314,600.

ECHO MISSION, VELARDE, N. M., OCT. 1, 1899.

WHEN school closed, the thirtieth day of May, we wondered what would be our special work until we went to the green fields of the home country, the last of June. A few calls after the happy, closing exercises found many people sick, and we came home to send medicine to them, and, in a few cases, suitable food. From that time until the twenty-second of June, we dispensed medicine to fifty-seven patients, made many personal calls, received numberless callers, held Sunday services at the homes of patrons of the school, closing with one in our own house, and at last, and as usual, took up all the school

WASHING DAY IN OLD MEXICO.

seats, and moved the school furniture into our house for summer storage. All this extra work, every year, because we have to rent building. Seven times in the less than five years of work here have we blistered our hands unscrewing and screwing down school desks, and moving and storing! "Thou, therefore, endure hardness," has stood out in clear relief, and we have smiled through it all, but never have said, "Let us not be weary in well doing," for these continued moves do not seem to be *well doing*, to us. But now we are to be settled for two years, if God will, and I am looking forward, with glee, to next year when we shall not have to move and fix new buildings.

What a pretty comfortable mission site we might have had with all the labor our own hands have performed, and all the money our own pockets have furnished, besides what the Societies have done, and it would then be owned by them.

We did not go to the home country this vacation. The blue skies of New Mexico smiled upon us, and the glorious sunlight lent its charm all summer. We became acquainted with the Baptist people of Las Vegas, and found them very pleasant. We called on several Mexican families, and Mr. Rishel held a few services for the Mexicans at the home of Mrs. Tooms, the faithful little worker employed by the Chicago Society. When we reached home the second day of September we found the people very glad to see us. Every year they are told that we are not going to return, and so they are always surprised. The Mexican who met us at the station had a muskmelon in the wagon for our lunch, and before nightfall we had fruit for several meals. There is very little fruit in the valley, but we are always remembered. The day after we came home a lady and her six children called. I greeted the mother first and found myself encircled by all the children, each holding out a hand, to be first, and then one put a big shoe-box full of "golden-drop" plums into my left hand, and they all laughed, and fairly beamed with joy. I wrote letters to a few of the families who had some member able to read a letter. One woman told me the night my letter came, none of them wanted to sleep; they read it over and over, and the daughter who was able to read it cried for joy.

Another lady—she *is* a real *lady*—to whom I had written the date of our home coming, told me that her little daughter said, "I am going with papa to Espanola, that day, and when the train stops there the few moments, I am going in to the car to be first to see *la maestra*," and she was there, twenty miles from home! Her father went on business. So we have had the calls, the glad gleam of eyes, the hearty hand shake, the pretty greetings of joy over our return, and the gifts of peaches, plums, apples, melons, tomatoes, chile, and carrots from their scant store this year. And flowers, too; one day when I had to go to "market," to Espanola, I found a bouquet on my door-knob. I trust you will pardon the personal mention, as it wished to show their good will.

If only they would show such affection for their Saviour, and mine, how we would rejoice.

ELIZABETH F. RISHEL.

ANADARKO, O. T., SEPT. 27, 1899.

ALL of my Caddo children are now in school, and for that reason the attendance at Caddo chapel is quite small. The Indians seem to be almost wholly given to the ghost dances and mescal eating. It seems difficult for the priest to secure his children, having enrolled not more than 25 to date, the Methodist Episcopal about 40, and Mr. Fait, Presbyterian, 3.

The Presbyterians have opened their school to whites. The prospect for our school along that line is growing more flattering every day. Many white families are moving into this country, and since there is no public school system here, what is to become of the children?

The Baptists are on this reservation by prescription, and if they will, in the future, put in a good plant and apparatus, why should we not have a first-class school here? The Catholics have recently put in a plant at Chickasha, and have enrolled 150 children to begin with! And so they are doing in all the leading towns and nations of Oklahoma and Indian Territory. What are we Baptists going to do about it?

I apprehend that if we take intelligent and progressive hold of these two Territories, we must have the aid of all the schools we can possibly foster. Sincerely,

D. NOBLE CRANE.

MONTEREY, MEXICO, SEPT. 30, 1899.

THE school opened on the 1st of September, and we teachers went around to some houses the day before, looking for old and new pupils to come to school. The school month is over, and we have had 110 pupils of both sexes enrolled; most of those come to Sunday school, but others are of Roman Catholic parents, and although they have not come yet, we hope to get them to come soon. Every Friday afternoon we have a sewing class, and also a Bible class, where we teach each child his Sunday school lesson. We begin school every morning by reading a part of the Bible, singing a hymn, and offering up a prayer to God; the Society that sustains this school is especially prayed for every morning, that God may help them keep up the work they have had here for so long, even if they have new obligations put upon them by their sisters in Cuba and Porto Rico. We feel that God will bless you abundantly and more than ever before, in order that you may meet all those obligations.

OUR SCHOOL AT MONTEMORELOS.

There was a poor woman who brought her little boy here one day, and said she wanted to send him to this school because he had been to another, and they did not treat him rightly. The little fellow was crying and did not want to come in; finally I got him to talk to me, and he told me he did not like to go to school, because his old teacher had hanged him way up in a nut-tree. I would not believe him at first, but he showed me the scars in his hands where he'd been tied. I told him we would not do anything of the kind to him here, and he has been coming to school every day, and is one of the happiest little boys in school.

But, oh, Mrs. Reynolds, there are so many little children in the first grade, and there is so little room for them, as you know. Think of a room 9 by 6 yards, with 64 children in it (that is not the exact number, for the year has just begun, and a good many more will be coming in soon). The children are just crowded, and four or five children sit on one desk, besides the air gets vitiated, and Maria, the teacher, says she can hardly stand it sometimes, although she sits by an open window.

Don't you know of some rich person who would like to give $200 to build another room here? I wish you would let us know of some one, and send us his address, so we could write to him about this matter. The school children told me to remind you of your promise to try to secure an organ for the school, and I do so, hoping that some one may be able to send us one. The church organ is in right good order, as it was tuned not long ago. Miss Treviño and I take turns about playing; she plays one week and I the other. I am so glad to see the church full of people here—it reminds me of the time when I was in the States. Praying that the Lord be with you all and your work, I am lovingly,

ORELIA ROCHA.

No. 46 Calle General Tapia.

MONTEMORELOS, MEXICO, SEPT. 26, 1899.

IT is a rare pleasure with us to welcome missionaries, but the pleasure has been heightened this time, the welcome being given to Rev. Teófilo Barocio and wife, who are starting to Cuba; their field will be the historic one of Santiago. He is a native of this place, years ago a member, having been baptized here, and being one of quite a phalanx of laborers that Montemorelos has given, and by which the church here has preached the gospel from southward of Puebla to Texas, Tennessee, and even Chicago. In the latter city, Mrs. Tooms, then Miss Paula Barocio, learned in the training school how to sow the heavenly seed, came to practice the art in her native land, where she is beloved as few are, and now, widowed, and with one child, is doing the same at Las Vegas, N. M., a cherished and worthy missionary of the Chicago Women's Society. Teófilo has also done honor to his name, and natural and spiritual birthplace, and the church which through him will now seek lost sheep for Jesus in the "Ever Faithful Isle," as the Spaniards used to call Cuba.

In Puebla, and previously in several other cities and surroundings, including the capital, our very estimable brother, Fernando Uriegas, if not a Barocio, the next best thing, the husband of one, like the writer, has been, and still is, and we hope long will be, an ambassador of Christ to men. The value of such work, and the need of it, must not be measured by the apparent success, as is well known. Romanists are no easier to win than other shortsighted adepts of pretentious creeds. They are taught to pity our blindness and resent our inexcusable proselyting, and when they become infidels, as is so often the case, the resentment also becomes pity for such a waste of time and money, and they are always ready for us with the question, how we expect them to understand a foreign creed

when they have never been able to understand their own native one.

But the list of Preachers Barocios is incomplete. Tomás, the youngest but one of this gifted family, gives valuable aid when I am absent from my post. He is a merchant preacher and our modest organist when we have no other, though he really need yield the palm to none but the very best. In the full houses, however, which have greeted Teófilo, he insisted on giving place to Mrs. Teófilo, who filled it with her never-failing grace under every strain. Tomás also does some little travelling, and with it some missionary work.

The youngest of the family would have become president of some college in the States, had Providence landed him there in infancy, or sent him there to study. He is assisting Rev. W. H. Sloan, in Mexico City. He is still quite young, but the Southern Baptist Convention, four years ago, would have entrusted to him the important field of Guadalajara, had he not preferred just then to support himself and preach the gospel gratis, which he did till persuaded to go to Mexico. If spared, Ernesto Barocio will rank very high as a Baptist preacher anywhere. Last but far from least, she being the eldest of the Barocios who all do honor to their faithful parents, Rafael and Andrea, is my Panchita (Fanny), and blessed be the God who was pleased to so enrich her heart and head; need I say more of her?

The Montemorelos church has only some fifty members at present, but if some maleficent power could blot it out, with all that it has done and given for the truth, it would leave a chasm which many Q. Curtii could not fill by leaping in. I am for fighting it out on this line if it takes more summers than leaves in Vallombrosa. If evidently called by the Master to another place I would go, but if not, no discontent will hamper my work here; but I need helpers.

Forty miles south is the city of Linares, with a Baptist church and meeting-house, no one but I to plant, and water, and watch, and I can seldom go. Forty miles north is Ebanos, a larger church in a much smaller place, calling for more attention than I can possibly give. Were I able to do it, there is hardly a limit to the number of stations that might be opened around this centre, and hearers to our hearts' content by looking them up. But I am alone, and held to a not very efficient exploitation by so many other calls.

A rousing meeting was that we had in June, at San Luis Potosí. I refer to the Sunday school and Young People's Societies, Christian Endeavor, etc. I was glad I went, glad to see so many Mexican workers and believers. What an answer to those who are so skeptical of good from this Nazareth! Of course, Baptists there were few, but among the foremost was the pastor of the Baptist church, Rev. Teófilo Barocio.

Our church at Monterey has a good and faithful pastor. Rev. Alejandro Treviño has given four years of well directed and laborious effort to the upbuilding of the people he serves in the Lord. The meetings nearly always fill the house, and baptisms are frequent.

I was also present at the Coahuila Association of Churches. We had a very pleasant time there, hospitably entertained by Rev. John S. Cheavens and wife, of the South Baptist Convention, who are living at the Madero Institute, Saltillo. I have a letter from him since, in which he expresses himself very kindly toward me.

Our Nuevo León Semi-annual Minister's Meeting was held Sept. 14th, at Cadereita, nearly halfway between Monterrey and Montemorelos. Very neat essays were read by the Mexican brethren appointed at last meeting, which was synchronous with our Association, held at Monterey, the 10th of last March. We are going to have a kind of correspondence school, theological and otherwise, which the writer will try to manage for the benefit of those who think he can help them.

Brother T. Barocio having to leave San Luis for Santiago de Cuba, Rev. Andrés A. Cavazos will take his place there. We bespeak the prayers of God's people for both.

Respectfully yours, THOMAS M. WESTRUP.

Thirty Years Ago.

YES, thirty years ago we Barocios received the gospel. We were hated, and the worst things were said of us. Nobody called on us; all our friends and relatives ran from us, fearing to be contaminated. I am glad to say that it is not so now. They call on us, invite us to their homes, and show their friendship for us in many ways. Some of their ways appear to be slowly changing; they wished to have a public school examination and entertainment on a Sunday, but my brother, Elías, being a municipal officer, opposed it, and they held them respectively on Saturday and Wednesday. My brother asked and got permission from the Mayor for us to give our school entertainment where they gave theirs, and the teacher of the public school gave notice of this and invited people to attend, so we had even a larger attendance than they had.

Twenty-eight years ago I taught a small school in this town, and having had an examination of the same, some people said that I might take the direction of the public school if I had not been a Protestant, which was a pity.

We can see some change in many things, but there is a great deal of work to do yet, especially for us Christian women. The work among women and children cannot be done if we do not help. You know this, I am sure. Some times I have gone into the smoky little kitchens to read to the women who were busy making tortillas for dinner, and how I have enjoyed some of this talking to the poor sad women. I need very much some cards to give our little ones in the Sunday school, and also, dear sisters, I want to have some Christmas presents for them at Christmas time.

Would you help me a little? Any small parcel sent by mail to Mrs. F. B. Westrup, Montemorelos, N. L., Mex., would be acceptable and highly appreciated.

Pray for our work here. F. B. WESTRUP.

THE January number of ECHOES will be upon Cuba and Porto Rico. We have several excellent articles on hand concerning our new possessions.

American Baptist Home Mission Society.

A Contrast as Seen in Mexico.

By Rev. John W. Butler, D.D.

IT may be interesting to our readers in the States to know how the public press views the coming of Protestantism into a country like Mexico, which for over three hundred and fifty years has been under Roman Catholic tutelage.

The following article appeared in *La Patria*, one of the leading journals of the capital. The writer is not a Protestant, but is a Mexican, and what is known here as a Liberal:

"One of the leading causes contributing to the complete lack of prestige of the Catholic sect is its sad comparison with the Protestant sect. Placing the two religions vis-à-vis, we will find the Catholic monstrous, deformed with superstition and scandal, retrograde, and steeped as yet in the dark ideas of the tenth century, while Protestantism is a rational religion, adapting itself to modern ideas, and respecting most profoundly the laws of the land.

"It is only necessary to compare the priest and the Methodist preacher to realize the enormous difference between the two, for the priest is unruly, conspirator, falsifier, seditious, his life history invariably a history of treason toward the land that feeds him and makes him wealthy. The Protestant pastor is moderate, cultivated, civilized, and participates in all public matters, respecting and defending the country, and even offering for her his life and his property.

"The priest is a parasite who lives on others; the Protestant is a useful man who never is a burden to the community; the priest dominates his fellows with the aid of the sword, while the Protestant pastor helps others and never takes advantage of his fellow-men.

"The church of the priest is ridiculous, always ablaze with gold and tinsel, full of wooden saints with savage symbols, like unto a bazar of gimcracks, a circus of clowns. The Protestant church is severely simple, dignified, void of ridiculous figures and images, a place for meditation, and full of maxims of universal peace and concord.

"The type of the priest is characteristically heavy, plebeian, the very incarnation of delirium of power and an artificial grandeur, the irrational dream of a religion that strives to excel all else, and that views the entire world with a scorn poisoned with impotency. The Protestant preacher, on the contrary, is cultivated, shows a respect toward all other beliefs, has no lurking spirit of revenge or hate and loves to labor and develop the country wherein he lives.

"The priest is a haranguer, insolent, arrogant, and it is his self-imposed mission to purvey scandals into the very circle of the home, and thus break up married life for his own benefit. The Protestant preacher profoundly respects the consciences of others, and never ventures uninvited across the sacred line of the home threshold; he never violates the intimate secrets of the family, and as he has a wife of his own he does not envy the wife of his neighbor.

"Having in view all these advantages of the Protestant pastors over their mortal enemies, it is easy to understand the total lack of prestige of the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church, and their hollow play of power on the uncultured masses.

"It would take considerable space to enumerate the moral and social advantages of Protestantism over Catholicism, and the difference between a pernicious sect and one that is useful. The rapid dashes of the pen above given set forth roughly the situation, and may aid in forming a comparative opinion regarding the sect that at one time dominated the world at a time that light had not fallen upon the consciences of men."

After reading the above any who have had honest doubts about Protestant missions in Roman Catholic countries will probably feel differently.

Mexico—A Striking Incident.

ON the 9th I baptized a young girl by the name of Juana Sanchez. She proved of great valor and faith in the Lord, for she found opposition at home and amongst her relatives—trying to dissuade her, telling her that she would be mocked at, especially at the place of baptism. But she meekly said that she did not believe they would do it, and with Christian resolution she resisted all the supposed threats. But nothing of the kind happened. The company that was present at her examination, and all those that were present at the baptism, were 153 persons; at which place I begged the people, in a friendly manner, to be indulgent and keep quiet with the reverence which our act required. This was obtained, even more than was expected, for there was silence and attention, and even tears in the eyes of several persons, both men and women. On our return, all the way from the place of baptism to our house, which is the meeting-house, several of the company returned, singing hymns, with the hymn books in their hands.

M. A. VILLARREAL.

The Methodist Mission in Mexico.

By Bishop C. C. McCabe.

THE work in Mexico is wonderful. It far surpasses all my expectations. If the whole church could see it the missionary collections would be doubled.

Only think of it! We have 492 boys and girls in the public school. All under Christian tutelage. All drinking in the spirit of the gospel. In the whole mission we have 4,056 children in our schools.

The light is breaking in Mexico at last. Rome has done her best or her worst for three centuries and a half, and here is what Hubert H. Bancroft—who has written a great history of Mexico—says about the present situation:

"As we penetrate the country we are more and more struck with the phenomenon of a republic without a people. There is here no mediate class. The aristocracy are the nation. The low are very low. They are poor, ignorant, servile, and debased, with neither the heart nor the hope ever to attempt to better their condition. I have never before witnessed such squalid misery and so much of it. It surpasses Europe, and with this difference,—in Europe the miserable know they are miserable, and here they do not. Sit at the door of your hotel, and you will see pass by, as in a procession of the accursed, the withered, the deformed, the lame and the blind; deep in debasement, their humanity well-nigh hidden in their dingy, dirty raiment, forms bent and eyes cast down, as if the light of heaven and the eyes of man were equally painful, and hunchbacks and dwarfs, little filthy mothers with little filthy babies—the former but fourteen years old—and grizzly men and women, with tanned and wrinkled skins, bent double, and hobbling on canes and crutches.

"Into such pits of deep debasement does man thrust his fellow man in the name of civilization. Infinitely happier and better off were the people of the plateau before ever a European saw it."

This is an accurate description. It is a faithful picture, and this after three centuries and a half of the Church of Rome. Now let somebody else try. Let, for instance, the Methodists have a chance. We are taking it. You can tell our members and our school children on the street when you meet them.

In 1519, Cortez, the cruel Spanish conqueror, entered the capital of Mexico.

In a few years he was able to turn the wealth of the mines of silver and gold into the coffers of the Catholic church.

About one hundred years later, a little ship landed at Plymouth Rock, and a Protestant nation was born.

Behold the two nations now! What makes the difference? "Why is it," says a Spanish editor, of Barcelona, "that our banners, although blessed by popes and archbishops, are continually trailed in the dust . . . and the Protestant nations are advancing in wealth and power all the time?" That is a good question to ask. *Puck* has published a cartoon, with a reply to the question, entitled "The Burden of the Latin Races."

A slim, solemn, sad-looking Spaniard, carrying on his back a great, lazy priest, and he walking on a map of Italy, Spain, and France. Crispi answers that question when he says, "The priests have ruined Spain."

One of the most wonderful things in history is the fact that

MEXICAN HOME.

a little Indian, named Juarez, should dare to smite down a power before which kings and European states have trembled.

His name is cherished and loved in Mexico, as the name of Abraham Lincoln is with us. There is liberty in Mexico since the days of Juarez. The people will never part with the precious boon.

All we ask, all we need, is a fair field, and we have it now in Mexico. Our schools will produce us whole Conferences of Methodist preachers by and by. If Mr. Bancroft will come to Mexico now, I will show him well-dressed, well-fed, intelligent, happy-looking children by hundreds in many cities, where he sat in the door of the hotel and watched the procession he speaks of go by. That procession still goes by, but another is coming after it. The scene is changing, and Mexico will be redeemed.

Brainerd's Prayer.

DAVID BRAINERD longed and prayed for such a complete absorption in the divine will that he might become utterly indifferent to every outward circumstance of discomfort and trial, if only he could more known the love of Christ to the souls for which He died.

Christian Giving.

Address of Isabella Bird Bishop at St. James's Hall.

I WOULD conclude by speaking on the subject of which I am almost ashamed to speak—that of Christian giving. The laborer is worthy of his hire, and men and women cannot go forth unless they are supported on the mission fields, however simple and humble that support may be.

And we at home, many of us, are living in luxury; and if we could only reduce ourselves to the level of the missionaries and their simple way of living and their self-denial, we might be gaining more of the Master's approval than we at present have. It is hypocrisy to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers in the harvest when, though we say that the silver and the gold are His, we are keeping it back from Him and are spending it on our own selfish luxuries. And I would not say upon luxuries only, but upon things which are pleasant to the eye, pleasant in various ways, not in themselves sinful, but just pleasant. And if we are spending money upon them we are keeping it back from the Lord. And I think we must learn, each one of us, to ask ourselves the question,—in every purchase, in every shop to which we go,—"What doth God require of thee?" and "How much owest thou unto thy Lord?" We owe everything, and God requires of us much.

And there are many ways—I may be forgiven, perhaps, for mentioning a few of them—in which it seems to me, on coming home, that the style of expenditure has been raised. And especially would I mention, considering the large number of women who are here, something of the extravagance of dress. The extravagance seems to me in London this year to pass all bounds, and how much Christian women are affected by it I know not. But sometimes, I suppose, it requires more Christian courage to wear a bonnet of three seasons ago than it would to face a flooded river or anything else that may be dangerous. And I think it is the dread of wearing old-fashioned clothes; of living in an unfashionable quarter, when it is possible to secure a house in a fashionable one; to have old-fashioned and possibly tasteless furniture, when it is within our power to acquire artistic furniture to be so easily obtained; to spend a holiday in a second-class hotel when we could spend it in a first-class hotel, and the aversion to the giving up of expensive floral decorations, on which fabulous sums are expended at this time; to the modifying our desires and our fashion in equipages and appointments, so far as they are mere luxuries; to the denying ourselves reserved seats at concerts and other entertainments; to the self-denial as to filling our houses with objects pleasant to the eye, which are preventing us from following Christ. I mention these because I have just come from regions where either a tent or a dark room in a Chinese hut of some village seemed sufficient luxury.

People here have a superfluity of luxuries, and Christian people follow in the train of those who do not profess to follow in the self-denial of the Master. And may it not be that we are called to more self-sacrifice and self-denial than we have used, or are trying to use? Can we hear of souls perishing as they are perishing, and yet continue to use the silver and gold which we constantly say are the Lord's for other purposes—and not His? I know that reasons are given for not giving up luxuries, and I should not venture to condemn them in any way. People say that young people growing up must have this and that and the other; that daughters do not like to see their mothers looking dowdy; that they must have amusements and recreations and entertainments, and that it is a pity to put young people in adverse circumstances. I would only say regarding the oft-repeated argument that if people gave up these superfluities "it would be so bad for trade," that there is one word of the Master which very often occurs to me: "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me." It may be that the way of the Cross is harder than of old, and that the steep of Cavalry—which we all must climb if we are to suffer with Christ and to be glorified with Him—is more rugged than of old. I know not. But always in front passes the Master, and at every step of the road of self-denial one may see the way is wet with His blood. And with that example before us, and His promise to help us, surely we may deny ourselves the little luxuries and many of the little pleasures of this earthly life,—for the sake of those for whom, as for us, He died, and who are still living in ignorance of Him. I would say no more on this subject, because the measure of our giving, and the measure of our self-denial are questions which each one must decide for himself or herself. But I would venture to say that each one of us must seek to decide them in the light of the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, and as if His eye were upon the decision.—*The Evangelist.*

JACKSON COLLEGE, JACKSON, MISS., OCT. 2, 1899.

JUST a few hours before reaching here last Tuesday, we learned that the fever had broken out again. You can imagine our surprise and disappointment. After the telegram from Dr. Hunter, saying that there was no fever and that it was safe for us to come, we had been simply overjoyed at the prospect of beginning on time. I think the second announcement of the disease was even harder to bear than the first. There have been ten cases and four deaths. It seems, thus far, to be more fatal than in former years. But the weather is unusually cool, and it cannot spread much at this temperature. Of course, it may change and be intensely warm any day; but we hope and pray for the best. We are so far from the city that we should have no fear of the fever, if we had not been through town to get here, and if Mr. Barrett had not been obliged to go to town twice on business; but I do not think he will have to go any more. We shall not let people come on the grounds, and thus we think it will be pretty safe here. But the hindrance to our work this third time is very hard to bear. Many letters have been received just before starting, and have come since we got here, saying that students would be in on the opening, and there was a prospect of a full attendance. We shall hold all we can, but they are afraid to come to a fever-stricken town. Of

course, we shall not think of opening until it is safe. Indeed, we could not, as trains do not stop.

We are very thankful that there are cows on the place, for there is no danger of food giving out. We bought some things the first day, and shall have plenty to eat for some time. Two of the boys are with us, one that stayed on the place this summer and the other one, the cook in the institution kitchen. But I have no girl, and cannot have at present. Mine would have been here had it not been for the sudden quarantine. I have found the opening and cleaning of so much room a hard task. Mr. Barrett and the boys have helped, but you know there are many things that only a woman or girl can do. We are fairly comfortable now, and I shall do the rest by degrees.

PROVO SUNDAY SCHOOL, PAULINE EXTRUM, TEACHER.

Now students, and many of the best ones, are writing that they cannot get money to come back, and pleading for help. We have done our utmost for them, and still cannot meet many cases. How I wish that persons of means would open their hearts to such needs! I really doubt if there is another one of our schools where pupils need help as they do here this year. *Three* years of scourge are *terrible*. I wish I could be helping you in this time of waiting, but shall try to do all I can for the school in the way of trying to hold students until quarantine is raised. *Do pray, and ask the ladies to pray* for us in this trying time, that our lives may be spared, and that the work may not permanently suffer. I never felt a deeper dependence on our Heavenly Father, not only for ourselves, but for these poor students as well.

ELLA M. BARRETT.

Mormon Delegates.

IN 1880, Bishop Lunt of the Mormon church said: "Our church has been organized only fifty years, and yet behold its wealth and power. This is our year of jubilee. We look forward with perfect confidence to the day when we will hold the reins of the United States government. That is our present temporal aim; after that we expect to control the continent."

When told that such a scheme seemed rather visionary, in view of the fact that Utah could not gain recognition as a State, Bishop Lunt replied: "Do not be deceived; we are looking after that.... We intend to have Utah recognized as a State. To-day we hold the balance of political power in Idaho, we rule Utah absolutely, and in a very short time we will hold the balance of power in Arizona and Wyoming. A few months ago, President Snow, of St. George, set out with a band of priests, for an extensive tour through Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, and Arizona, to proselyte. We also expect to send missionaries to some parts of Nevada, and we design to plant colonies in Washington Territory.

"In the past six months we have sent more than 3,000 of our people down through the Sevier Valley to settle in Arizona, and the movement still progresses. All this will build up for us a political power, which will in time compel the homage of the demagogues of the country. Our vote is solid, and will remain so.

"It will be thrown where the most good will be accomplished for the church. Then, if some political crisis, the two present political parties will bid for our support. Utah will then be admitted as a polygamous State, and the other territories we have peacefully subjugated will be admitted also. We will then hold the balance of power, and will dictate to the country.

In time our principles, which are of sacred origin, will spread throughout the United States. We possess the ability to turn the political scale in any particular community we desire. Our people are obedient. When they are called by the church, they promptly obey. They sell their houses, lands, and stock, and remove to any part of the country the church may direct them to. You can imagine the results which wisdom may bring about with the assistance of a church organization like ours."

The said results do not have to be "imagined," they have become visible. The Mormon church to-day virtually controls Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, and Arizona, and holds the balance of power in other great empires of the West.

Utah has become a sovereign State as Bishop Lunt anticipated; and though not admitted as a polygamous State, it has become such in the sense that polygamy is now practised there with entire impunity.

JOSIAH STRONG.

Argentina a Hard Mission Field.

AS the 'whited sepulcher,' which appears beautiful outwardly, but within is full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness, so is the Argentine, or 'Silvered Republic.' There is an impression that people of the Argentine and other South American countries are breaking from the fetters of Rome, casting off her superstitions, and taking a stand for independent thought. Only powerful personalities, however, are able to arrest the attention of the world; and South America has had very few who have been able to exercise an influence beyond their local circle. The bulk of the population is never seen or heard of. The few who come into notice are those who may be said to see the corruption of the Church of Rome. They see that the entire system is untrue and evil from root to branch.

"It is only when one has resided for some time among the people, has conversed with them, and watched their daily life, that one is able to appreciate the true condition of the masses. It is possible to live for years in such a city as Buenos Ayres, and yet know almost nothing of the life and mode of thought of the majority of the population. A missionary's feelings after a few months' labors among the masses are not easy to describe. He has heard glowing descriptions of the readiness of the people to throw away their idols, and receive the gospel of Jesus Christ, and, jubilant with expectation, he begins to distribute tracts. The people flock about him to get his papers—*because they are free*. He thinks, of course, in the simplicity of his heart, that this is *because they are the gospel*, and writes home that the poor souls are hungering for the Bread of Life. How they flock about him to receive the blessed word! He believes they are more ready even than he had thought to accept the truth. But alas! it is not hunger for the word of God, but hunger for a novelty; not interest, but curiosity. What was taken to be a rich harvest waiting for the sickle, turns out to be a tangle of thorns and thistles; and the messenger of Christ, instead of shaking down the luscious fruit which he has seen fully ripe, must patiently clear away the brambles, dig up the great roots of bitterness, and, amid tears and toilings, sow the precious seed, hoping in God for the early and the later rain. Weary are the days and dark the nights, till his eyes fail with watching for the blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear.

"To get the people away from Rome is one thing; to get them to Christ quite another. A man may throw off all religion and declare himself a free thinker or an unbeliever; and little notice is taken of it even by the priest. There is no persecution for him. But let that man embrace the gospel of Christ, let the freethinker become *free*, and see how quickly Rome will show her fangs.

"South America is lost, and her only hope is in our hands; it is the word of God. This gospel must be taken and preached to these careless and hardened heathen. It is our right and privilege to do this glorious work. Would that there were many who would rise to the privilege and claim the right!

"Our prayer must be that God will provide and fit the reapers for their difficult work, and that he will send his fear upon the people, and pour his convicting Spirit into their hearts."—*Rev. W. B. Sallans, in London Christian*

"THE hurricane struck us amidships, and left us fairly stranded. For three weeks both Rudd and I have been busy as Inspectors of Relief Work—studying the situation and reporting as to best methods of remedying the distress. It gives us fine opportunities to know our fields, and do good for the Lord we serve.

May your coming be in the power and demonstration of the Spirit. This is a great, a *very* great work, and we who have come to this kingdom need wisdom and grace, and unflagging zeal. We are all in good health, and all anxious to see you. I leave to-morrow, again, for a long trip."

Porto Rico. A. P. McCORMICK.

THE following resolution was passed by annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held in Mexico City, Jan. 26–30, Bishop McCabe, presiding: "We will employ all our influence in pulpit, press, and school against the cruel and barbarous practice of bull-fighting. We request Christian tourists visiting Mexico to refrain from attendance. We regard attendance upon it by Christians, especially on the Sabbath, as treason to the cause of Christianity."

Mohonk Indian Conference.

FOR seventeen years a conference has been held at Lake Mohonk, N. Y., to discuss the various phases of the Indian problem. Few meetings of this kind have ever been able to command the services of so many distinguished men and women. It is distinctively a conference of progressive thinkers and workers. Much has been accomplished. Every year has marked an advance. The one great stumbling-block has thus far resisted all the efforts devised for its removal. No matter which party is in power, the Indian agencies are regarded as rewards for party fealty. Seven-eighths of all our Indian troubles may be traced to this pernicious custom. Year after year the Mohonk Conference has put itself on record as unanimously opposed to the custom. It has used every effort to have all the offices of the Indian service placed in the classified list. Some little progress has been made in nearly every direction except that of the Indian agents. On account of the terms on which Indian lands have been allotted, it is not possible to do away with the office entirely, but the conference last week pointed out that the number might be considerably reduced without injury to the good of the service. The sooner the agents disappear, the sooner will the settlement of the Indian problem be attained.—*Zion's Herald.*

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY
ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

Our Girls.

A Mexican Girl.

ANITA was a pretty, black-eyed little Mexican girl who lived in Saltillo. Like the other Mexican girls, she had, while still almost a baby herself, to help with the household duties, and especially to take care of her infant brother. Her face often wore a careworn and anxious expression, for many times the young arms had to carry this heavy burden.

While trying to amuse the baby one day in front of the house, a missionary came along and gave to the little girl a colored picture, which at once attracted and pleased, with its wreath of blue and snowy blossoms. Drawing the weary child to her, the missionary taught her the verse of Scripture upon the card: "Suffer little children to come unto me." Jesus was held up to the youthful listener as the tender, loving Friend of the children, and the teacher added: "He calls the very smallest to come to him, and he wants you, Anita, for his own child."

"I do want to come, and I am so tired; will Jesus rest me?" said the little mother girl.

"Oh, yes," quickly answered the missionary; "for Jesus also has promised to give rest to all the weary, tired ones who come to him." After many other words of gentle teaching, an invitation was given to come to the Sunday school and church, which were not far off. Anita hung her head, and, after much hesitation, said she would come if her parents gave permission.

Months passed by, but Anita did not make her appearance, though the missionary watched for her on the streets and in the church. One day while the services were going on, in came the child nurse with the baby brother in her arms, and quietly a seat was taken in the last pew. The black eyes grew brighter and brighter as she listened eagerly to the singing and the praying. She looked around for the pictures of the Virgin and the saints, and wondered that she saw none. No holy water; no signing of the cross on the foreheads upon entering the church; everything was so new, so strange! Anita thought that no one saw her, but after the service the missionary hastened down the aisle and warmly greeted the little stranger.

For days and weeks Anita could not get to the church again, for her parents kept a strict watch over her actions. The priests had ordered that no Roman Catholic parents should allow their children to attend the services in Protestant churches, and threatened severest persecution and punishment. Poor Anita was sadder than ever, for often there would come to her the remembrance of the sweet hymns that she had heard. She could only think of the closing sentence of the prayer, "Hear us, our Father, for Jesus's sake," and these words she kept saying over and over again; but was not the ear of the Almighty attentive to this "simplest form of speech?" Was there not behind the utterance of these talismanic words the "breathing of desire," "unuttered or expressed?" and the Father heard and answered his praying little child.

It was God who softened the hearts of the parents, who opened the way for the missionary to visit the house where Anita lived, and after constant and earnest entreaty gained permission for her to enter Madero Institute. One by one have the clouds departed, step by step has the way been trod, and to-day, the tall, enthusiastic girl with a spirit of consecration in thought, word, and deed is pursuing her studies, with a view to becoming a teacher and missionary to her weary, darkened sisters of Mexico.

Anita's baptism was a solemn one, and many of her friends were deeply impressed as they saw the faithful young Christian thus putting on her Lord in this ordinance of his own appointing. They had seen her steadfastness to duty in the midst of daily persecution; they had watched the soft answers returned for the scoffs and sneers; they had shared in the deeds of kindness bestowed lovingly on those who were trying to oppose and hinder; and they and all around felt and knew that there was some unseen power supporting and strengthening Anita, and thus imparting a wondrous grace to her whole life.

Dear young readers, the gospel does this wonderful work of renewing, saving, and blessing the heathen, even in Mexico, and you can have a share in winning some like precious souls if you will do your individual duty, and give, through your prayers and gift of self-denial, the open Bible to the waiting, heavy-ladened women and children in Mexico.—*Kind Words.*

"The open Word, the Word of God,
Whence truth and light and life must flow,
Arise, O Christian world, and give
The life, the light to Mexico."

Our Little Folks.

November.

"NOVEMBER winds are drear and cold,
Its skies are dull and gray;
But you and I will not forget
It holds Thanksgiving Day!"

A LITTLE MEXICAN GIRL AND HER PET.

Program—Subject, Mexico.

The Sweet Story of Jesus.

REPEAT the sweet story of Jesus to me,
Oh, tell me the story once more;
Though often I've heard it, each time it is told,
'Tis sweeter than ever before.

Oh, tell me once more of his wonderful love,
His goodness and mercy to me;
How his wonderful love brought him from above—
He found me and bade me go free.

1. HYMN. "I love to tell the story."

2. ROLL-CALL. Answers to be given in Bible texts which have been learned. "God so loved the world," etc. "We love Him because He first loved us." "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you." "If we love one another God dwelleth in us." "If a man love me he will keep my words," etc. "God is love." (Many other texts can be easily found.)

3. HYMN. "Jesus loves even me."—No. 18. Gospel Hymns, Nos. 1–6.

4. PRAYER. Thanking God for His love to the children, and asking that they may help tell the story of this precious love to those who do not know Him.

Question. What good gifts can we make during this Thanksgiving month, to prove our love to God?

Answer. Our work, to show we are willing to aid the mission cause; our money, that will help send teachers; our prayers, that will always remind us of what we are trying to do.

Question. Of what country do we study this month?

Answer. Mexico: that great country lying south of the United States, which is eleven times larger than New England, with a population of nearly 11,000,000.

Question. What is its Capitol?

Answer. The old city of Mexico. Built over one hundred and fifty years before Columbus discovered America.

Question. What is the religion of the people?

Answer. They are mostly Roman Catholics, and are very superstitious and degraded. They have been kept so long in ignorance by the priests, that unless we Protestants send them missionaries, they will never know the way to Jesus. The Indians in Mexico are in their native heathenism.

Question. What do the missionaries say is a great hindrance to their work?

Answer. The breaking of the Sabbath Day. On this day a great many people go to the theatres, to see the bull fights, and the chicken fights, and engage in all sorts of sinful pleasures. The women smoke, drink and gamble with the men, and the Lord's Day is the time when the people indulge themselves the most in these things.

Question. What Book is hated by the religious leaders of the Mexicans?

Answer. The Bible, because it does not teach the things that they want the people to believe, concerning the worship of images and pictures, the confession of sin to priests, and because it tells them to pray to God instead of to the saints.

Question. What do we know about the children of Mexico?

Answer. They are said to be naturally quiet and gentle, with sweet, musical voices, and those who have visited our schools say that though they have had no training on account of the ignorance of their mothers, they learn very readily.

Let the leader tell how many schools we have, and show on the map where they are, and relate some interesting stories about the work of our teachers and missionaries.

5. PRAYER. That the people of Mexico may soon know that they can be saved by trusting in Jesus. (In sentences by the Band.)

6. REPORTS. Collection.

7. HYMN. "When He cometh." Gospel Hymns.

8. LORD'S PRAYER. (All standing.)

THERE is a story of a bright little girl, eight years old, who once heard a rousing missionary sermon, and it made her wish that sometime she might go and teach the heathen. She went home and wrote, in a cramped hand, on the narrow margin of her Bible, "Pray to be a missionary." Every time she saw these words her heart beat a little more quickly, for it reminded her of the wish that came into her heart one day, and had never gone away.

The short sentence, so full of meaning, is still in the Bible, that shows signs of much use, but where is the one who wrote it? My dear little ones, she has grown to be an earnest Christian young woman, and is to-day a missionary in Mexico, teaching the people how beautiful a thing it is to worship the only true God.

Does not this show to you how necessary it is that you begin while very young to think right thoughts, and large thoughts, so that by and by you may be faithful workers for the Master?

Adobes.

A TRAVELLER, but a little time ago returned from Mexico, tells us that the houses are all one or two stories high, with great thick walls, built of adobe, bricks of unburnt clay, and with but few or no windows. The roofs of the houses are all flat; they have no chimneys, nor fireplaces, and charcoal is practically the only fuel used, and that sparingly, and for cooking purposes only.

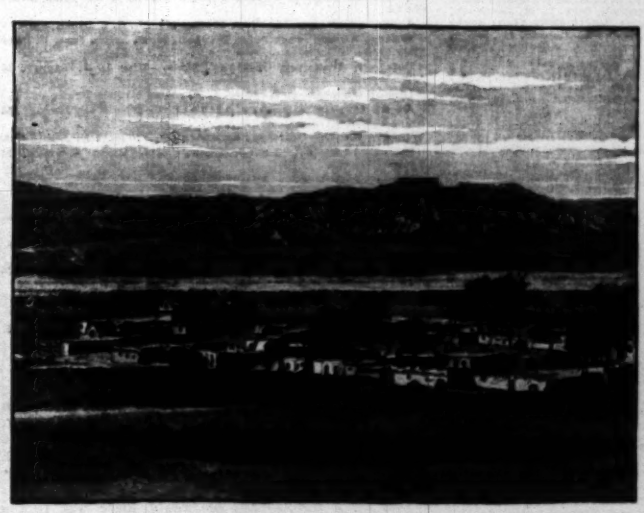
Since our picture gives us a glimpse of a Mexican village with adobe houses, the following descriptions in one of our Exchanges, of the way in which the *adobes* or bricks are made, may interest our little folks.

Adobes are bricks—not shaped like our bricks and not made as we make ours, but still, bricks. They are rougher and more uneven than those we use; but they cost nothing, and they are so easily made that a Mexican peasant can soon make enough for a house: and they are so easy to use that he can build it himself. When a man decides to build himself a home, he calls in his friends to help him make the bricks. They spade up a little patch of ground near the place, and with their hoes and spades mix in water. When it gets somewhat mixed, they take off their shoes, roll their trousers above their knees, and walk bravely out into the wet mud, and there, with hands and feet to help the spades, the mixing is soon done.

The Mexican is just the color of the mud, and standing still in it every now and then to rest, with his bare legs and arms, you might easily imagine that some of it had hardened in the shape of a man.

After the mud is mixed, the next thing is to mould it. The bricks they make are twelve inches long, eight wide, and two deep. They have rough wooden boxes of that size, and, standing in the soft mud, they stoop down, and with their brown hands fill them up and smooth them on top. Then they go off a little way and turn out the wet brick to dry in the sun, after which they go back to fill the mould again.

When enough are made, nothing more can be done for the new home till the adobes are dry, and the builder must wait. Every few days he goes to see the bricks and turn up a new side to dry, until the sun has finished its part of the work, and then he begins to build. This is almost as easy to do as it is to make adobes. The peasant starts on the bare ground, builds up ten or twelve feet, then puts on the top. First come the rafters, made from the unbarked trunks of trees. Across these he lays planks closely, then he covers it all with the same dirt that he uses in making bricks. This dirt he piles on about a yard high. It makes a nice dry roof, and after awhile seeds drop on it and spring up, and the roof of the little house is green with plants. If he has a fence around his house, he builds that of adobes, too. If he is anxious to keep out thieves, he puts broken glass bottles in the bricks before they harden; or he plants cacti thickly along the top of his wall. Others, who are not so particular, plant pretty flowering plants.



A PUEBLO, OR VILLAGE IN MEXICO.

Most Mexicans—even the wealthy—prefer adobe houses. Not, of course, the little one-story structure with a dirt roof, that the peasant builds for himself, but a house built of adobes. It is comfortable, weather-proof, and may be picturesque. One of the oldest churches in the United States—the Church of San Miguel at Santa Fé—is built of this material.

If the average adobe house needs repairing, the owner digs up a little soil out of his yard, and, with his hand as a trowel, plasters the broken brick. It is the work of a few minutes.

TWENTY years ago a Bible store was opened in the city of Mexico. Now, let us see if the Mexicans cared for such a store. People gazed in at the windows with mingled awe and curiosity, on a book which claimed to be the word of God. One peasant from the mountains walked seventy miles to buy one, and spent all he had in the purchase. He carried home the precious book to read to his family and neighbors. They had no time to listen to read to him by day, but came at night, and took turns in furnishing him with candles. An aged couple walked twenty miles night after night to hear him read. Should we not send them gladly what they need and desire so much? For, although there have been noble workers in Mexico all these years, she still lies beneath a heavy cloud of ignorance and sin.—*Exchange*.